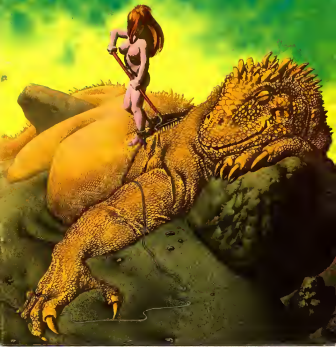


ADAM

ADULTS ONLY

50c





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ALICE IN WONDERLUST



OH MY GOODNESS!
GAAH! LOOK AT
THAT!



HOW CURIOUS! I
WONDER WHERE
HE'S OFF TO IN
SUCH A HURRY!



WELL!



WHY HE SCURRIED
INTO THIS HOLE?

PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT

DID HE COME
THE WAY I
THOUGHT BURE--



LEANDER FAT QUEEN

WRITTEN BY JIM STRAND
ILLUSTRATED BY BOB KLINE

LIKE BIRD DROPPINGS FROM A BRIGHT BLUE SKY, HIGH ADVENTURE IS A CALAMITY THAT CAN BEFALL ANYONE AT ANY TIME, PITCHING HIM FROM

HIS LIFE OF QUIET DESPERATION INTO ONE OF CARD-CARRYING PANIC. HURT TAKING A THIRDS INTO AHEAD? PURE CHANCE, FRIENDS, PURE CHANCE.



COURTESY BY ZIGGY R. R.

TONIGHT'S VICTIM IS NAMED LEANDER. THAT'S HIM DOWN BELOW, SCURRING HIS WAY HOMEWARD AFTER A LONG DAY OF NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.



NOT EXACTLY. CRUNCH THE TERRARIUM OR ZAM OF TIMBUCTOO! I'M HOME, BUT THESE DAYS YOU TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GET.



WELL, NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT SIT BACK AND WATCH THE WHEELS OF FATE IN ACTION.





NOW LET'S SEE, WHERE DID I PUT THAT? I KNOW IT'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE. IF I CAN JUST... PA! HERE IT IS!



PLEASE, ACCEPT THIS RING AS A TOKEN OF MY REGRET!

WELL! THANKS!



THAT'S MIGHTY GENEROUS OF YOU! REAL GOLD, TOO!

I'M A THIR MAN!



...THOUGH PERHAPS I SHOULD MENTION THE CURSE...



OH NO YOU DON'T! - OOF! - I'M NOT GETTING STUCK WITH NO MORE... HEARD RINGS!



I'M AFRAID YOU HAVEN'T A CHOICE - IT CAN ONLY BE REMOVED BY MARRIAGE TO WEPZIBAH, QUEEN OF THE LOST ISLAND OF SAIZ. THE LAST RINGBEARER NEVER MADE IT, SAD TO SAY.



WELL? WHAT - OUCH! - WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



I'M SITTING ON HIM. THE COMPLETE CHANGE TAKES ABOUT A MONTH.



BUT I'M SURE THAT ONE
OF YOUR CALIBRES WILL
HAVE NO TROUBLE AT
ALL, NOT LIKE SOME
ORDINARY MAN.



TRUE... BUT STILL,
IF I JUST HAD SOME
HINT AS TO WHERE
THIS PLACE IS...



OH THAT'S
EASILY DONE!

AFTER ALL, YOU KNOW WHERE
EVERYPLACE ELSE IS! JUST
GO WHERE EVERYPLACE ISN'T!

THAT MAKES SENSE.



AND REMEMBER - MY
EVERY GOOD HOPE
Goes WITH YOU.

YOUR ALL
REMEMBER.



AS, PINK...



NOW THAT'S
WHAT I CALL A
DIRTY TRICK!

THE OLD
CAVENDISH
AT ITS PEAK!
DISGUSTING!

NOW YOU BUTT IN!
WHERE WAS YOUR
ADVICE WHEN I
NEEDED IT?



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT
LOOKS FROM DOWN THERE,
BUT FROM UP HERE IT
SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU
COULD USE ALL THE
HELP YOU CAN GET!

SO WHAT ARE
I GONNA DO?



I DON'T KNOW
WHERE GAZES,
OR EVEN IF
THE QUEEN WILL
MARRY ME ONCE
I DO FIND
HER! IN FACT,
I DON'T KNOW
NOTHING...



...EXCEPT THAT IM GONNA TURN INTO A BIG FAT LIZARD IF I DONT GET RID OF THIS RING!



WELL NOW MAYBE I CAN BE OF SOME SERVICE, TELL YOU WHAT, LEANDER...



YOU JUST HOP ON A SHIP AND I'LL PULL A FEW STRINGS--SEE IF WE DONT GET YOU TO THIS LOST ISLAND!

I DONT KNOW, DOESNT SOUND LIKE MUCH OF AN IDEA TO ME.

THINK OF THE ALTERNATIVE!



WHEN'S THE NEXT SHIP OUT?



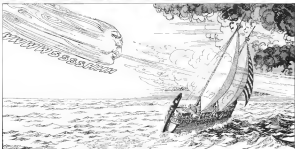
AND SO THE NEXT WEEK FINDS LEANDER KNEE-DEEP IN HIGH ADVENTURE. MIDWAY THRU THE WEEK HE BEGAN TO NOTICE A SLIGHT SCALINESS OVER HIS SKIN, AND A TENDENCY FOR IT TO CHANGE COLOR AND BLEND ITSELF WITH THE BACKGROUND. HIS BODY TEMPERATURE BEGAN TO FLUCTUATE WITH THE WEATHER, AND VAGUELY HE PONDERED THE TASTE OF FLIES. LEANDER WAS BEGINNING TO WORRY.



A WEEK! ONE FOURTH OF MY
TIME GONE AND, FOR ALL I KNOW,
NOT A FOOT CLOSER TO QUEEN
HEPHZIBAH THAN I'VE **EVER**
BEEN! I THOUGHT THAT WIND-
BAG MADDON WAS GONNA DO
SOMETHING, PULL SOME STRINGS!



HEY?















DRMMIT! I COULD HAVE
DONE THAT MYSELF!

ALL THIS HAS BEEN
FOR NOTHING!

PLEASE! CONTROL YOURSELF!
YOU ARE PART LIZARD! MAY-
BE IT WILL GROW BACK!

YOU MEAN I'M GONNA
STAY THIS WAY?
IT'S PERMANENT!

WELL, THERE'S NOTHING
I CAN DO ABOUT IT.

AH, HEH! YOU AND
YOUR DRAM CURSE!

WHAP!

KRUN!

THAT DOES IT!

I THINK I'VE TAKEN
ABOUT ENOUGH...





WELCOME BACK, LEANDER!
FOR AN AMATEUR, IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU'RE COMING OUT
ALL RIGHT! MUCH BETTER
THAN I THOUGHT YOU WOULD!

THANKS...



YEAR - I HEARD
ALREADY.



GLAD YOU MADE IT
LEANDER! NOW I CAN
FINISH THAT POEM...

JUST TAKE ME
HOME, COLEUDGE,

YOU MAD,
LEANDER?

FOR
A WHILE.



WHAT NEXT, LEANDER,
WHEN YOU GET HOME?
NOT MANY JOBS FOR
A LIZARD MAN.

WELL, THE FIRST
THING I'M GONNA
DO...



I'M GONNA
KILL ME A
MERCHANT...

THE END

AND SO WE FIND THE TURNED WOMAN ISN'T THE
SAME ON BOTH ENDS! WHAT'S NEXT? WHO CAN SAY?

ENCOUNTER AT WAR



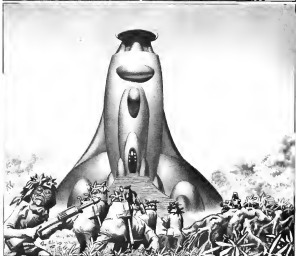
HOW IF WHERE THE
CAPTAIN WAS LAST
SEEN, SOME OTHER
BODY WOULD BE?

COULD BE WELL
KNOW WHEN—
NEXT A MINUTE!

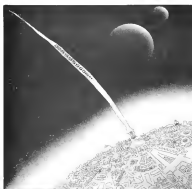
I'M PICKING UP SOME HIGH
ENERGY OUTPUT ON THE
METER, A VERY POWERFUL
RADIO TYPE TRANSMISSION
CLOSE BY... ABOUT 10
M WITH THE CAPTAIN'S
DISAPPEARANCE

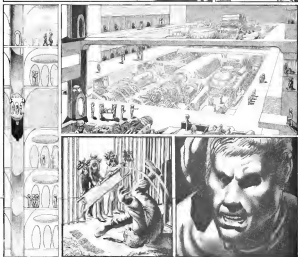
COVER YOUR EYES!
AND BE BACK HERE
IN AN HOUR!













YOU'VE COME AT A BAD TIME, SAYRE — THE GUNNET WERE PREPARING AN ATTACK ON EARTH WHEN THEIR OWN PLANET WAS ATTACKED.



NOW AS SOON AS THEY'VE GOT BACK ALL THE TROOPS THEY'D TRANSFERRED TO EARTH, OUR ONLY LEAD WITH HOMER WILL BE SEVERED!



RIGHT — UNTIL THE WHOLE PLACE CRUMBELED DOWN AROUND US DURING THE FIGHT ON THE SURFACE.











**YOU
BASTARD!**

YOU COULDN'T
WAITED!

HIS DEAD!

PAW

POW

**DUM
DUM
DUM**

BLAM

POW

POW

POW

POW

BLAM

THE END



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